

# HARKNESS BROS.

## DRY GOODS & CARPET HOUSE.

Have the Largest Stock and Cheapest Patterns of

# CARPETS!

Ever Brought to the City, and at  
**LOWER PRICES**  
than ever offered in this vicinity.

**DO NOT FAIL**  
TO CALL AND EXAMINE STOCK BEFORE PURCHASING.  
**HARKNESS BROS.,**  
401 Broadway, Council Bluffs.

**WILL**  
**SAVE YOU**  
TIME, TROUBLE, MONEY  
If you buy your  
**GROCERIES**  
& **PROVISIONS**  
—OF—  
**BOSTON TEA CO.,**  
16 Main and 17 Pearl Street, Council Bluffs.

### COUNCIL BLUFFS RAILROAD TIME TABLE

The following are the times of arrival and departure of trains from the local depot. The train starts from the Union Pacific depot about ten minutes earlier than below stated, and arrives at the depot about ten minutes later. Trains on both lines and K. C. run on Chicago time, a half hour faster than local. Western trains run on St. Louis time, twenty minutes faster than local. U. P. and Lincoln trains in Council Bluffs time.

| CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND AND PACIFIC.                | CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE AND ST. PAUL.                  |
|--|---|
| Depart. Arrive.                                  | Depart. Arrive.                                   |
| Atlantic Ex. 5:20 p.m. Pacific Ex. 5:15 a.m.     | Chicago Ex. 5:20 p.m. Milwaukee Ex. 5:15 a.m.     |
| St. Louis Ex. 5:25 a.m. Omaha Ex. 5:20 p.m.      | St. Paul Ex. 5:25 a.m. Chicago Ex. 5:20 p.m.      |
| D. Moines Ex. 5:25 a.m. Des Moines Ex. 5:20 p.m. | Des Moines Ex. 5:25 a.m. Des Moines Ex. 5:20 p.m. |
| CHICAGO, BURLINGTON AND QUINCY.                  | CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE AND ST. PAUL.                  |
| Depart. Arrive.                                  | Depart. Arrive.                                   |
| Atlantic Ex. 5:25 p.m. Pacific Ex. 5:20 a.m.     | Chicago Ex. 5:25 p.m. Milwaukee Ex. 5:20 a.m.     |
| St. Louis Ex. 5:30 a.m. Omaha Ex. 5:25 p.m.      | St. Paul Ex. 5:30 a.m. Chicago Ex. 5:25 p.m.      |
| D. Moines Ex. 5:30 a.m. Des Moines Ex. 5:25 p.m. | Des Moines Ex. 5:30 a.m. Des Moines Ex. 5:25 p.m. |

| CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE AND ST. PAUL.                 | CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE AND ST. PAUL.                  |
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| D. Moines Ex. 5:30 a.m. Des Moines Ex. 5:25 p.m. | Des Moines Ex. 5:30 a.m. Des Moines Ex. 5:25 p.m. |

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### COUNCIL BLUFFS

#### ADDITIONAL LOCAL NEWS

#### FINISHING THE GRIST.

The District Court adjourns until the last of the month—Prisoners sentenced.

The trial of Williams, who was arrested for shoplifting at Harkness Bros., J. W. Long's and several other stores, came to close yesterday forenoon, the jury surprising many by bringing in a verdict of not guilty.

Lynn, who was convicted of burglary, C. B. & Co. was sentenced to eighteen months in the penitentiary. His partner, Beach, was sentenced to two years in the penitentiary.

Mike Mullin, charged with a burglary committed in 1879, was sentenced to six months.

The juryman was discharged for the term, and the court adjourned until the 29th inst.

#### Present.

No name is better and more pleasantly and widely known than that of Mr. J. A. Pizzini. For years he has made himself famous by the elegant perfume and complexion powder that bears his name, the latter having found its way to the belle of Paris, Germany and London. Every lady admires beauty in ladies. Nothing will do more to produce or enhance it than a use of Mr. Pizzini's preparations.

#### Real Estate Transfers.

The following are the real estate transfers, reported June 13, 1883, by Rose & McMahon, No. 4 Pearl street, Council Bluffs, Iowa:

R. H. Woodman to S. H. Hopkins, block No. 2 and lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 10, 11 and 12, block 3, Macedonia, \$150.

J. M. Palmer to W. W. Dearborn, lots 21 and 22, block 15, Howard's add, \$250.

Julius Schneider to John G. Schmidt, the W 140 feet of lot 13, block 4, in Aves, \$625.

Total sales, \$7,025.

#### LADY BEAUTIFIERS—Ladies,

you cannot make fair skin, rose cheeks, and sparkling eyes with all the cosmetics of France or beautifiers of the world, while in poor health and nothing will give you such rich blood, good health, strength and beauty as Hop Bitters. A trial is certain proof.

#### The Maverick National Bank of

Boston draws foreign exchange, buys and sells Government and other investments, securities, and transacts any business for its correspondents in the line of banking.

#### A petition has been presented to the

city council asking for the appointment of G. George Eiger as city detective. The petition is signed by a number of the most prominent business men in the city, who seem to appreciate some of the good work done by Eiger in the past. There seems to be no doubt but that Eiger would make a first class man for such a position, but there is a doubt left among some of the officials as to the need of a city detective at all. Many citizens have a detective department of the police force, and it seems as if there was enough business here to keep one man busy in that line and relieve the regular force of that much extra duty.

#### Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Is designed to meet the wants of those who need a medicine to build them up, give them an appetite, purify their blood, and oil up the machinery of their bodies. No other article takes hold of the system and hits exactly the spot like Hood's Sarsaparilla. It works like magic, reaching every part of the human body through the blood, giving to all renewed life and energy. \$1 a bottle; six for \$5.

#### Chicago, Burlington and Quincy

Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad. Ticket office located in Pacific Hotel, at corner Farnam and Fourteenth streets and at U. P. depot and at Millard Hotel, Omaha.

#### COMMERCIAL

#### COUNCIL BLUFFS MARKET.

WHEAT—No. 2 spring, 85c; No. 3, 70c; rejected, 60c; good quality, 75c.

CORN—There is not enough corn coming in to make a market; dealers paying 38c; rejected corn, 35c; mixed, 40c.

MEAL—No. 1, 25c; No. 2, 24c; No. 3, 23c.

WOOD—Good supply, prices at yards, 50c per cord.

COAL—Delivered, hard, 11.00 per ton; soft, 5.50 per ton.

BUTTER—Good butter scarce and in fair demand at 25c; creamery, 35c.

EGGS—Ready sale and plenty at 10c per dozen.

LARD—Fairbanks', wholesaler at 12c.

POULTRY—Firm; dealers paying 15c per pound for turkeys; live, 10c.

VEGETABLES—Potatoes, 50c; onions, 50c; cabbage, 30c; cauliflower, 40c; apples, 25c.

CITY flour, 1.60 to 3.40.

BROOMS—2.00 per dozen.

CATTLE—3.00 per head; calves, 6.00 per head.

HOGS—Market close; packing houses are paying 6.00 to 6.75.

#### THE BAD AND WORTHLESS

Are never initiated or counterfeited. This is especially true of a family medicine, and it is positive proof that the remedy initiated is of the highest value. As soon as it had been tested and proved by the whole world that Hop Bitters was the purest, best and most valuable family medicine on earth many imitations sprung up and began to seal the notices in which the press and people of the country had expressed the merits of H. B., and in every way trying to induce suffering invalids to use their stuff instead, expecting to make money on the credit and good name of H. B. Many others started nostrums put up in similar style to H. B., with variously devised names in which the word "Hop" or "Hops" were used in away to induce people to believe they were the same as Hop Bitters. All such pretended remedies or cures, no matter what their style or name is, and especially those with the word "Hop" or "Hops" in their name or in any way connected with them or their name, are imitations or counterfeits. Beware of them. Touch none of these. Using nothing but genuine Hop Bitters with a bunch or cluster of green Hops on the white label. Trust nothing else. Druggists and dealers are warned against dealing in imitations or counterfeits.

#### A PUMA HUNT.

Frederick Boyle in Belgravia.

He was an amusing man, this old breeder, whose name I quite forgot. Many drool facts and stories he told us before bed time, of which I noted down a part. We drew him to the subject of wild beasts, and he told us nothing less than an illustrated encyclopedia. He had a pair of tame pumas, banded the house, and we walked forth with lights to visit them. It was beautiful to see the creatures start from sleep and roar themselves against with curiosity.

The master put in his hand and scratched them, whilst they arched their backs to press it, purring like cats. No animal has a prettier head, more graceful body nor more velvety paws; but the proportion is not correct. The head of the puma is too small, that of the jaguar, its rival, is too large and broad.

Long, sleek and monstrous these beasts were so perfectly tame that our host would not have confined them if there had been no children about the ranch. But none of their species can be trusted with children.

The puma and the jaguar are the ranchero's special hate; he calls them lion and tiger. The homestead of La Verdon was surrounded by a narrow belt of forest, which hedged in the number of pumas where the herds pastured. All the large caravans for miles about collected in this strip of woodland, lying in ambush for an ox that strayed beneath the trees. Some took up their quarters permanently until destroyed; others returned home for the meat; others paid a visit longer or shorter. We asked how on earth these facts were known, and the ranchero confessed that he had no proof. The authorities of his Indian hunters satisfied him. Of these he kept a little staff, who turned out every day for service. He paid them wages, and a dollar a piece head money for pumas killed, half a dollar for jaguars.

The tigers paraded, ugly, squat Indians, with big heads, small grave eyes, and a stupid type of month. They all came from Nicaragua territory, for there was no Indian land in the wild tribes of Guatemala and Talamaca—so, at least, we were assured. The latter, I fancy, are known well enough. It is not dangerous for a paddler to visit them, and those anxious to learn their appearance and their manners will find published material—that is to say, I think so, for our travels never led us near their country, and, possibly, nothing. The Guatemalan or Panamanians are much more savage, and no man living in that day, I cannot tell how he now, could give serious information regarding them.

A couple of spears, one long and one shorter, made the equipment of the figure. Their dogs, big, sleek, light-colored animals, were evidently related to the coyote. Dangerous rather than savage, not prone to bark, they perform the role of house dogs badly. The Don assured us that people will not bark at all unless taught by others. But they learn at once, thus differing from the thoroughbred coyote, which can only howl and whimper in the first generation of domesticity, and seldom succeeds in learning a true bark until the third.

We asked why a dollar was granted for a slain puma, and half for a jaguar, seeing that the latter animal is much more dangerous and destructive. It appears that in the fashion of hunting to which these Indians obstinately adhere, the less terrible beast causes the greater loss of life. Tigers go in couples, the head man in advance with his two spears, the subordinate following with his machete and chopping knife. The jaguar is easily tracked, and he does not go far when roused. So soon as it is thoroughly conveyed to his mind that these intruders wish to see him personally he turns with a roar that always gives sufficient warning to such practiced hunters. A moment afterward he comes trotting up, the foremost Indian kneeling, and holding a spear in either hand, stands at the side. The jaguar does not pause, but gathering himself up, cleaves the air in a mighty bound, his forelegs wide asunder, and claws hooked to rend. Very seldom does it happen that the long spear fails to penetrate his unprotected chest, or the shorter one his throat.

Such is not the puma's conduct. When disturbed, he skulks swiftly through the bushes, and comes up by leaps. In following a jaguar dogs are seldom hurt, for he disregards them, and they have no need to press him. But the puma turns constantly, manœuvres a bound, and speeds on again. Even if wounded he is slow to stand; but when brought to bay at length it is a more deadly risk to face him. For this combat the spears are useless. Sprungling at the puma, the hunter, with his machete, takes a side. His feet firmly planted, knife in his left hand, machete in his right, the Indian stand forward. He has one blow in mid-air. If it falls, if the skull be not cleft like an apple, brute and man roll over in a hideous embrace. At such a time the comrade seldom wanted in jaguar hunting would be of service. But, when an Indian sets out on a track, he takes a puma he goes alone. So did his fathers and so does he.

Very rarely a jaguar springs with his paws crossed, and then there is a walling in the tigers' hut. For the spears upon which he relied are twisted from his grasp, and the huge beast falls upon him kneeling. If the comrade with the machete be true, the tiger has probably two victims instead of one. The single chances of these poor Indians in their hunt is that it is but a very small one. Jaguars with the uncomfortable habit are scarce, however, if it be more than an accident. None of the ranchero's Indians had seen a case, though that fact proves little. Witnesses of the phenomenon rarely survive.

Still a third reason was furnished us for the higher reward, beside expenditure of dogs and greater risk. The puma has a horrid habit of following a human trail. The same practice has been charged against the lion. There is no doubt that the former animal has it. The motive is not so apparent as might be fancied at a glance. It is evidently an instinct. Should this animal, growing through the woods, come across a man's footstep he follows them though they be days old, provided, I imagine, that the scent has not yet dispersed. My own Indians pointed out to me an in-

stance where—I took their assurance for it—the man had passed three days before, and the puma within two hours. It may be the cunning creature knows it likely that there man has gone something is eatable, alive or dead, may be discovered. He is not above gnawing a stray bone. But I have no serious suggestion to offer. Be the motive what it may, the practice leads directly or indirectly to the death of many travelers belated in the woods. And it causes the puma to be regarded with a shuddering hate which the mere ferocious jaguar does not inspire.

When I add that the trail of these two animals is distinguished one from the other by a small heap of earth which the puma's forepaw throws up behind I think I have exhausted all my memories of the hints which our skillful ranchero poured forth. There is something characteristic in the detail of the footprint also. The pads of either brute are almost like teigs, though the tiger's are more slender and heavier. But he goes alone while a free, bold stride, while the other crouches and crawls, his head depressed between the shoulders, all his weight thrown on the forelegs. True they stalk deep, and leave a thick track of moist soil behind them.

The loss of veneris unrolled by our kindly host was illustrated with stories. He himself gave all his mind to war against the puma, leaving the jaguar to his tigers. Caring only to have the brute destroyed, incautious to the pleasure of the chase, he found this system judicious. For, as he used a rifle, an immense expenditure of time was saved. And the habit of the puma mentioned divest its pursuit of danger if firearms be used—as a rule, understood.

We had diverged to the subject of black lions, animals whose existence has been recently denied. The ranchero nothing decided to advance on this disputed question. He heard with astonishment and contempt that European savans doubted. Black puma, he alleged, are as well authenticated as black jaguars. He had never killed one. Such skins as he had come beneath his knives were very large. But he laughed scornfully at the idea, saying the wild tribes would make a mistake. And the testimony of one so experienced impressed us.

"One day," said our host, "news came to hand that two of my calves had been seized by a black lion. It was at the farthest pasture, some ten miles out. In the afternoon I rode thither with my dogs, to sleep at the jaguar's hut, and follow the creature in the morning. All the herd were brought into the corral. Soon after dark arose a great commotion, the cows running together, the bulls charging and furiously skirmishing round them. We turned out—beyond the corral paling, you understand. It is a big enclosure, and the night was very dark. Noise enough there was already to scare all honest lions in the world; but on a sudden rose such a commotion as almost made me make a mistake. The testimony of one so experienced impressed us.

"Nothing could be done that night, and I returned. That night a young calf under its mother's belly, and vanished; you must know that she was tied to the house wall. Some Indian women said it flew down among them, as they said, its great eyes burning like lamps, saw it crouch a second, growling, starting at once, seize the calf beneath its struggling mother and for the back. I knew too well that more of my young stock would be missing before dawn.

"Sending to the ranch for more vaqueros, I went to bed. Next day all turned out early, the Indians to hunt my poor cattle, I to pursue the lion. His trail was followed easily enough.

"A moment!" my companion exclaimed. "Did you notice that it was a puma's track by the sign you have described to us?"

"No! The dogs lifted it instantly and I followed at a canter. At the forest edge I left my horse. The hounds had a long start, all but that old perro yonder, who waited for me. He pointed to an ancient dog, grey and scoured, the only one admitting a light of breed more European than the core outside.

"I heard the pack quarrelling and snarling a long way off, and I knew what it meant. They had found the remains of that black devil's supper and were dividing the fragments. I was not alarmed, however; he would leave little of a sucking calf. It took me more than half an hour to reach the spot, for there was an ugly lot of swamp to circumvent. When I got there not a dog remained, and the bones, not one of but three calves, strewed the earth. It had been a regular dining-room for three nights, ever since he made his appearance on my land. That told that his last was not far off, probably, and I decided to search for it, though my one dog was rather doubtful, and my scraps of meat matched on the sly while I was hunting round.

"I kicked him off, and he began to snarl in a larger circle. The trail was struck in a moment, of course, and we set on. I knew I could depend on that faithful perro not to outrun me, and I was rather warm to face a black lion, when one has need of a steady hand. So I went quietly.

"It was further off than expected. After two hours' tramp through the woods I saw it was probable the brute had den by the river. But long before we got there my dog became anxious and uncertain. I could see the track quite plain, but he did not follow readily, looking behind him, pausing and growling. I thought that taste of flesh disturbed his mind, and urged him along, but more and more unwillingly he traveled, with such odd movements as alarmed me. For I thought he was going mad. Suddenly he turned, snarling at me, barking savagely, his hair on end. Very glad to see him go, I sat down to rest, while he took a long start, and I considered what to do.

"The perro's cry grew fainter and fainter. Then its note changed to the querulous worrying and snarling, with a loud, low bark now and again, which tells the master that his dog wants help with a dangerous quarry. I guessed how it was in that moment.

While I followed the lion's old trail it had been following me! I ran back. The perro was working further from our path. Luckily I struck at once the spot where he had branched away, but it was slow lifting his path through the forest. I had made up my mind to return when the camor changed to yelps and howls. The lion had faced about, struck down my dog, and perhaps was tearing him. As fast as possible I hurried on.

"But if lions mean killing, all is over in an instant when they have their victim down, and the perro's miserable yells showed him to be still living. After awhile I came up. 'See the marks!' We observed two deep scars on the left shoulder, and two lighter ones; two rugged punctures on the right. There the puma's claws had grasped whilst he struck.

"The children loved my dog, and no artery was cut. I shredded some Spanish moss, bound up his wounds, slung him in my arm, and set out for home; so far had we wandered that it was nearer than the river. I was strong, anxious, but the sun was hot, and a dog is heavy on one's shoulders. No path led through the forest, and I could not feel sure, not being an Indian, that I was following the true source. A hundred times I thought of dropping the poor animal, but I had not the heart when he flicked my neck, and I remembered what his fate could be—devoured alive by ants and flies.

"Presently he became restless, and then he growled. 'It needs many lessons to learn a fool,' says the proverb. I hit him with my elbow, but he would not be quiet. He began to bark feebly, gathering up his limbs, poor beast! I suddenly caught the hint and turned. At a few yards distance the bushes softly swayed before my track. The lion was following me. I looked to my right and set forward. In ten minutes the growing recommenced, and the excitement of the perro grew stronger and stronger. The brute was creeping up! I cocked my gun, fired round, but that devil was quicker. Nothing could be seen but the waving of the twig. I fired a chance shot to no effect, and resumed my way, after losing the lion. For some time all was quiet. I gained the river bank, and was working down, relieved of all anxiety, for the spot was familiar. In an hour I should be at home.

"Beyond a broad belt of reeds and swamp ground lay the clearing that was an ugly bit to traverse with a lion at one's heels, and I congratulated myself he had run away. One could not see the yard on either hand, when half way through, the perro growled and barked and snarled in greater agitation than before. I cried to the same, and the sweat poured down. When I turned the reeds were all bending and quivering but five yards away. I shot and hurled on, but the ground was difficult. In a few moments the dog again gave warning and the reeds swayed all about. I shot. But now the dog did not cease to raise such feeble clamor as he could, and I shot as fast as I could load. Madroño Dile, senores, what a run that was!

"The firing saved me! Two vaqueros resting in the shape knew the sound of my piece, and came to meet me hallooing. The perro was almost choked in convulsions by this time, and I thought that lion had just gathered himself to spring when their shouts alarmed him.

"Now, senores! What was the creature that pursued me thus, in broad daylight, though I fired into its very jaws?"

"Might it not have been a jaguar?" I asked timidly.

"You are ignorant of our wonderful, senor! Why should a tiger follow a man? The brute was not hungry, for it left my dog. And if a tiger had been in that strange way, he would have sprung as soon as he came up. No! It was a lion—but a black one!"

"Did you follow its trail?"

"I could not find a tiger's till next day. Then the footprints were tracked for miles after it left me, going straight for the hills. The Indians saw it was a jaguar, and a black one. It had no alarm of black lions since, and from that time, senores, I have underrated how a kind action does not go unrewarded. For if I had abandoned my dog, I should never have reached home that day."

When we left in the dawn, that excellent ranchero presented each of us with a puma skin. Mine is still an ornament of the bungalow.

#### DROPS OF WATER.

Mr. Joseph G. Bicknell, No. 642 Main street, Cambridgeport, Mass., writes April 27, 1883: "I have been terribly afflicted for years with gravel and kidney disease. My urine contained brick dust deposits, and at times I could not pass my water except in drops and with great pain; and have had to get up as many as fifteen times during the night. I tried several physicians; they did me no good, but a friend of mine, who had used Hunt's Remedy told me to get a bottle and try it. He had been cured of a severe case similar to mine, and that others had used Hunt's Remedy in Cambridge and pronounced it a medicine of real merit. After being repeatedly urged I purchased a bottle, and before I had used all of it passed a stone as large as a pea, followed by smaller ones. I have used in all ten bottles, and it has completely cured me. My kidneys are in excellent condition, and for one of (68) sixty-eight years, I can truly say I feel like a young man, with strength and vitality. My family use the Remedy, and would not be without it, and never fail to recommend it to our friends and neighbors in Cambridge and Boston. You are at liberty to use my name in praise of the best kidney and liver medicine, Hunt's Remedy."

"DID WORDS FOR ME." The above words are from Mr. Lewis Kien, No. 9 Highland Avenue, Malden, Mass., April 28, 1883. He says: "I have been troubled for years with kidney and liver complaints, followed by gravel, with severe pains in my back and groin. I had great trouble in passing water, it being scanty and accompanied by terrible burning, the vessel being coated with brick dust deposits. I was recommended to use Hunt's Rem